

THE REPOSITORY.

" 'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
" Part of himself; the immortal mind remains;
" The form subsists without the body's aid,
" Aerial semblance and an empty shade."

THE APPARITION.

I am perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when in the present age of incredulity I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of spirit and fullness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an Apparition. Impostor and visionary, knave and fool, these are the alternate horns of the dilemma on which I shall be tossed with sneers of contempt, or smiles of derision; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cock-lane Ghost down to the Reverend Mr. Colton, and the Sumpford Spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public, or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and betake myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these courses towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from any splanetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they may militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

The author of the essay on the nature and immutability of truth, represents Berkely as teaching us, "that external objects are nothing but ideas in our

minds; that matter exists not but in our minds; and that, independent of us and our faculties, the earth, the sun, and the starry heavens, have no existence at all; that a lighted candle is not white, nor luminous, nor round, nor divisible, nor extended; but that for any thing we know, or can ever know to the contrary, it may be an Egyptian pyramid, the king of Prussia, a mad dog, the island of Madagascar, Saturn's ring, one of the Pleiades, or nothing at all." If this be a faithful representation of Berkely's theory. it may be adduced as a striking illustration of the perversity of human reason, that such a man shall be deemed a philosopher, and persuade bishops and divines, in spite of the evidence of their senses, to adopt his notions, and deny the existence of matter; while the poor wight, who, in conformity to the evidence of his senses, maintains the existence of disembodied spirit, is hooted and run down as a driveller and a dotard.

Dr. Johnson's argument, that the universal belief in ghosts, in all ages, and among all nations, confirms the fact of their apparition, is futile and inconclusive—for the same reasoning would establish the truth of necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and other superstitions; but, the opposers of this belief not only brand as impostors all those who relate their own experiences of its confirmation—they not only repudiate the Agatho dæmon of Socrates, and slight the averment of Scripture, that Saul desired the Witch of Endor to raise up the spirits of those whom he should name; but they deny even the possibility of the fact. To admit a posthumous existence in the next world, and reject the competency of nature to accomplish a similar mystery in *this*, is surely an unwarranted limitation of her powers. Who shall circumscribe the metamorphoses of our being? When we start from the ante-natal void into existence, the change is certainly wonderful; but it is still more strange, startling, and incomprehensible, when we quit life in the fulness of intellect, and return into the invisible world. In the first case, we advance from nonentity to a very confined state of consciousness, to an animal existence, for an infant has no mind. That celestial portion of our system is evolved by the painful elaboration of time and of our own efforts—it requires a series of years to perfect its inscrutable developement; and is this sublime image and emanation of the Deity to be suddenly, instantly, degraded into a clod of earth, an inert lump of matter, without undergoing any intermediate state of existence between death and final resurrection? Abstract theory sanctions the supposition of ghosts; and, by what authority do we gainsay those who solemnly declare that they have beheld them? They never appear, it is urged, to more than one person at a time, which is a strong presumption of individual falsehood or delusion. How so? This may be the law of their manifestation. If I press the corners of my eyes, I see consecutive circles of light, like a rainbow; nobody else can discern them—but will it be therefore maintained that I do not? It is notorious, that in dreams, objects are presented to us with even a more vivid distinctness than they assume to the visual organ; but, it would be idle to assert that those configurations were not presented to us, because they were invisible to others. Our waking eyes may indeed be made the "fools of our other senses; or else worth all the rest," granted; but still you may give us credit for the sincerity of our relation, for we pretend not to describe apparitions that other men have seen, but those which we ourselves have witnessed.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization, which ensures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which, in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment.

Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom; nature has prepared herself for its rigours; they are customary; and every thing seems to harmonise with their infliction; but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feelings at the season of their natural occurrence. To see one's favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one's plantation strewed with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth: here a noble tree laid prostrate; and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil, (which were familiar objects in July last,) is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the cavalier and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dullness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend, Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression, not so much from the possession of any wit or humour, as from his unaffected kindness and amiability, the exuberance of his animal spirits, the inexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out of his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater: but, recollecting that I had left it in the house, discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no further notice, and proceeded towards the house, when as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and, as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence: I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow, who was reproached by Franklin with not having yet forgiven God Almighty. Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window shutters as I

passed, and entering the room by a glass door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them, with every demonstration of terror and agony. Mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognized the apparition of my friend, sitting motionless in the great arm-chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to behold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but taken as I was by surprise, I confess, that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and, as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? He could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm, yet it was incontestable that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished, for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says—"that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must needs be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure." I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library—and, although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there, in the full glare of day, did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed!!

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision, but summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"In the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here!"—when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—"a leg of mutton, and caper sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me." "Good God!" I ejaculated, "what can this mean? Are you not really dead?" "No more than you are," replied the figure. "Some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples of Castle-street, not me, nor even one of my relations, so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star-Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm chair, while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror, and his crouching to me for protection, when he recognised his chastiser.

appeared, and though the most diligent search was made for him, he was nowhere to be found. It was supposed he had fallen by the wind if not by the blow of a bullet ; but to the great surprise of the whole crew he was seen, two days afterwards, coming out of the cable tier, where, it appears, he had hid himself; His re-appearance excited the greatest joy, and almonds and caresses were most prodigally betowed upon him: but Kokoly was entirely insensible to these demonstrations of kindness, and looking around him with the most stupid stare imaginable, answered all the questions put to him, only by an imitation of the noise that had so much frightened him ;—poum ! —poum !—were the only sounds he could pronounce ! I myself saw this unfortunate bird twenty years after the combat, perched upon a stick in an anti-chamber, repeating his eternal cannonade, and accompanying it with a beating of his head, and fluttering of his wings, in which his fright was still depicted.

The following curious anecdote is related of the famous French comic writer, Moliere, Chapelle, and some other wits, of the time of Lewis XIV.

At a supper at Anteul, the wine having thrown the guests from the most immoderate joy to a train of serious moralizing reflections upon the miseries of life, and upon this unconsoling maxim of some ancient sophists, ' that the first happiness is not to have been born, and the second to die quickly,' made them take an extravagant resolution—they agreed to drown themselves immediately in the river Seine, which was not far off. They arrived at the river side, and apparently their folly was about to be consummated, when Moliere represented that such a glorious action ought not to be buried in darkness, and that it merited to be performed in full day, in the face of all Paris. This pleasantry arrested their design, and Chapelle said, in a laughing manner, " Yes, sirs, let us not drown till to-morrow morning, and in the meantime let us go and finish our wine."

We may well imagine that the next morning changed their ideas of glorious actions.

Let all remember that the generations of men are like the waves of the sea—in quick succession they follow each other to the coast of death—another and another quick succeeds, and presses on the shore, and ebbs and dies to give place to the following wave. Thus we are wafted forward—now buoyed, and perhaps by home, fanned by the breezes of prosperity ; now sinking into despair ; shivering in the tempest of fortune, or overwhelming in the billows of sorrow. Sometimes, when the least expected, the storms gather, the winds arise, and life's frail bubble bursts. Be cautioned, then, nor trust to cloudless skies, to placid seas, or sleeping winds. Guard against the sudden blast. Be faithful to your pilot. You will then safely be guided to the haven of eternal bliss—

There you shall bathe your weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest—
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across your peaceful breast.

THE DERANGED PARROT.

Certain physiologists have asserted, that madness was one of the privileges of human nature, that the instinct of animals, being surer than our reason, was likewise more solid, and that their brain was not so liable to get out of order. I answer this by the anecdote of the parrot of M. de Bougainville, which was as completely convicted of lunacy, as ever was an inhabitant of Bedlam or Charenton. The bird, less remarkable for its plumage than its chattering, was for two years on board the ship of that celebrated navigator, and a great favourite with the officers, to whose amusement he very much contributed. Having one day had an engagement with an enemy's vessel, during which the cannonading had been extremely sharp, it was found that Kokoly, the parrot, had dis-

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick, in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. " The husband," said Sterne, " who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." " If you think so," said Garrick, " I hope your house is insured."

A taste for rural scenes seems born with us ; and, after seeking in vain for pleasure among the works of art, we are forced to come back, and find that the greatest enjoyment is placed in the lovely simplicity of Nature.

A great mind cannot be said to be truly great, except virtuously employed ; if differently occupied, it is a preposterous, misshapened monster.

THE REPOSITORY.

"Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth? Declare if thou knowest it all."

THE DIVING BELL.

A FRAGMENT.

THE strains of music grew fainter and fainter as the bell descended through the green fluid which surrounded me; and I now began to experience that variety and intensity of feeling which I have so often seen described by divers. The first sensation was a painful pressure upon my ears, as if a body of considerable power and magnitude had been endeavouring to enter my brain through those apertures. After a while, the cavities became expanded, and the pain was relieved; but as the bell sank, it was frequently again renewed, and so often exchanged for ease. I had scarcely descended above three or four fathoms when I felt the amazing weight of the ocean, pressing upon, and girding round my head, like an iron crown rivetted fast to the skull; the force of which was so very tremendous, that it was with difficulty that my senses were preserved. This painful feeling was then exchanged for a species of restless agitation and excitement, which might not entirely be the effect of my situation and extraordinary voyage, but might partly arise from some recollection of the imminent danger in which I was placed. A kind of languor, which increased almost to fainting, now overcame me; the blood left my face, and my limbs grew cold; and, indeed, although I was well supplied with air, by a continual exchange of the barrels from above, life seemed on the point of departing. In the course of my voyage I frequently looked out upon the waters, which of themselves present nothing but a clear green fluid; but frequently there came rushing by the bell fishes of extraordinary forms and magnitude, some of the most beautiful colours and appearance, and others armed with dreadful teeth, stings, and fangs, with scales and eyes of a fiery lustre. I felt a constant dread, which perhaps tended to keep off other fears, that some of them might enter through the lower part of the diving bell, and attack me in my strong hold, where escape and opposition would be equally in vain.

Occasionally I passed some marine production, between a fish and a plant, which spread out into branches, filled with innumerable mouths, and never-ceasing motion. Now and then methought I heard a noise like music in the deep; but the continual rushing, roaring, washing of the current against the sides of the bell, prevented any thing like a distinct hearing; only from this, I am convinced, that the ocean is not a silent world. Sometimes the waters would seem deserted and vacant; and then again there would rush by, such shoals of living beings, pursuing each other in sport or anger, that their course was too rapid for the eye to discern their forms. Once or twice, indeed, I thought there appeared somewhat like a human figure covered with scales of a silvery green, but the image was too swiftly gone for me to speak with certainty; added to which, the optical illusion occasioned by the waters might have deceived me. At length, at the depth of seventy fathoms, the bell rested on the basis of the sea; and it may be imagined only what were my feelings at that moment. I was more than four hundred feet below the ocean! in a frail machine of wood, depending upon a few ropes; and in a world which seems to be the principal abode of the most terrific monsters! I cannot, however, even at this distant period, trust my recollection with the maddening subject; and, therefore, I hasten forward with my tale. The bed of the deep is in itself a fair and beautiful sand, on which are placed rocks that seem to glow with a metallic lustre of various colours, on which is to be seen many a fair and living

tree of silvery whiteness, in constant motion, while shells of all kinds and hues are scattered over them. The view is indeed a landscape, the most wild and magical that can be imagined; and although there really wants the artificial erections of man, yet are the rocks shivered and hollowed out into the form of temples, domes, pinnacles, minarets, and palaces; upon which there is a continual change of light, produced by the continual movement of the sea. When I arrived at this place, the painful sensations which I had experienced in my voyage had left me; I could breathe freely, and upon viewing the beautiful objects around me, I began to think that the ocean world was indeed as delightful as the poets and water-spirits had described it to be. But after emerging from the bell I saw many a sight that filled me with terror. The rocks were interspersed with the half-devoured corse of those lost in the wreck, on which the fishes were still feeding; while thousands of whitening bones and skeletons lay scattered about, some resting on the out-stretched arms of the giant polypus which had fed on them, and others in the dreadful opening made by the shell of the enormous clam-fish. The packages, jewels, gold, anchors, and fragments of wrecks, which appeared strewn about, were innumerable; but my respiration now becoming difficult, from the agitation produced by so terrible yet sublime a spectacle, I turned from it to search for the body of my friend. After a long, dangerous, and almost hopeless examination, I discovered it in a cave, some distance from the diving-bell, still dressed as when I last saw him, but blue, swollen, and livid.

I raised the body in my arms, and taking one hand, drew from it a seal-ring, with an aqua-marine stone, which well preserves the memory of my friend's death, and my own hazards in obtaining it; and since I first put it on, neither force nor any other method will draw it off. When I had done this, I looked the corse steadily in the face, and still holding it by the right hand, said, "George Harvey, the pledge of Raymond Mortlake is redeemed;" when, to my surprise, yet not to my terror, methought the eyes opened and gazed fervently upon me, while a smile seemed to play around the mouth, and the hand I fancied returned my pressure. At this moment I discovered that a sea-monster, consisting of a huge mis-shapen mass of scaly flesh, somewhat resembling a man, had fastened his long teeth on the body of my friend. I caught up a large piece of wreck that lay near me, and with one blow laid the monster level and powerless; whilst I hastened to secure a burial for the corse, by dropping it into one of the many springs which gush from the bottom of the sea; whose strength is such as to terrify all the inhabitants of the deep. This was scarcely effected, with a very brief farewell, when the monster having recovered, returned and fixed his tusks on my right arm. With a rapidity of motion that I have often since wondered and shuddered at, I regained the bell, and with my terrible companion, entered it, and gave the signal to be drawn up. Whether it were the loss of blood from the deep wound given me by this water fiend, or the effect of rising, I know not, but my senses seemed to be leaving me, and my head to be going upwards from my body. I soon became senseless, and recovered not until I found myself in a hammock on board the Seagull. It was then that I learned, that my extraordinary stay had greatly alarmed them; and that their terror was wonderfully increased upon drawing up the bell, and finding my aquatic comrade, who leaped again into the sea over the vessel's side, the moment he escaped from the bell; so that they could scarcely discern his form. A long and dangerous illness, the effect of my wound and voyage, followed; and when I recovered, my first care was to visit the church of Lerwick, at once to offer thanks for my own preservation, and erect a

stone to the memory of Harvey. The marks of the sea-monster's teeth yet remain upon my arm, though the wound is healed; and like the impression which this adventure has made upon my memory—they will never be effaced!

THE GEM.

THE DYING MAIDEN.

WHEN a medical student in Philadelphia, I was taken by my instructor to the residence of Eloisa. The lovely maid was upon her death-bed. I had known her about two years. When I first saw this charming girl, she was all "life, light, and joy." The rose bloomed upon her cheek, while love sported in every graceful ringlet, and the ethereal brightness of the diamond sparkled in her full dark eye. She had fixed her affections on a noble hearted youth, whose lofty soul was every way worthy of her. With him I was also acquainted. I saw him on the last morning he ever beheld the sun rise, depart upon a shooting party. His cheek glowing with health, and flushed with joy. With all the eagerness of youthful spirit he bounded over the distant hills. But alas! the stern tyrant who bestrides the pale horse trampled swiftly after him. When the shades of evening fell, his bleeding body was conveyed to his parental home by his sorrowing companions.

The accidental discharge of a gun had deprived Eloisa of all that her soul "held most dear." When the sad news first reached her, her grief was too intense for utterance; it was of that awful kind that throws a pall of horror over the sufferer, and seems to convert the living form into a lifeless statue. To this dreadful calm succeeded the tempest of frenzy; she was wild, frantic, inconsolable; but nature could not long endure this state. A calm and settled melancholy succeeded, and still the wildness of her eye sunk into a calm tranquillity.

From this state poor Eloisa fell into a decline, and was just expiring when I arrived. I had never before seen a human being die, and my blood ran chill at the awful silence that prevailed in the apartment, interrupted at intervals by a faint sigh from the beautiful sufferer.

I stood by the bedside and gazed upon the pallid cheek, over which a slight hectic flush would sometimes force itself, as if nature and life were struggling to conquer the conqueror of all.

She turned her half closed eyes towards me as if to implore my assistance, and appeared to be struggling with her hands which were beneath the bedclothes. I thought their weight oppressed her bosom, and gently turning them down a little, I discovered a miniature in her snow-white hand. The poor sufferer tried in vain to raise it to her eyes, that she might catch one last sad look of the resemblance of her departed Theodore.

I raised the picture to her face; her eyes for a moment glittered with a supernatural fire, and then with one convulsive grasp, she pressed it to her lips, and drawing a deep sigh, the scene was closed for ever!

Thus is the "ruling passion strong in death." At that distressing moment I could have resigned my own life willingly, to restore Eloisa and Theodore to each other's arms.

that he was delirious, and in an agony of impatience to see me. I was ushered into his chamber by his wife, where I found him lying on a superb couch, a ghastly and miserable object.

"'My friend,' uttered he, in a wild and broken tone, 'you have then come at last—come in time to receive the last confession of a dying wretch.'

"He then motioned with his hand for the attendants to withdraw.

"'Clear out—begone!' exclaimed he, to Dr. Anodyne, who was approaching him with a sedative draught; 'what have I to do with thee? can you free me from the fetters which bind me? can you quench the fire which runs through my veins?—begone!'

"The Doctor vanished.

"'Are we alone?' resumed he.


"I answered in the affirmative.

"'Tis false, we are not alone—he is there—he is still there. He will never leave me!'

"I turned my eyes to the corner of the room, and saw—nothing!

"'Bid him—entreat him—command him to depart. See, he comes again! What can he want with me?'

"And what the devil do you want with me?" cried our prisoner.

"Oh," said the turnkey, (for such he was,) "I only came to inform you, that your creditors are tired of keeping you here, and to-morrow you may walk out as soon as you please." 

THE REPOSITORY.

Can such things be, and not excite our special wonder?

THE GHOST.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them.

A respectable inhabitant of the famous city of New-York, having met with several ups and downs, was at last safely lodged in jail. As he lay musing on his pallet of straw, he heard the watchman, stationed on the top of the City Hall, bawl out, "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!"—when suddenly a ghostly figure, in his imagination, presented itself before him, and spoke to the following effect:

"Not many nights ago, I was sent for to see a rich relation, who resides not far from hence, who was dangerously ill. When I arrived at the house, I was told

Harry had a light heart, and a clear conscience, and was not eighteen. In crossing Waterloo-Bridge he did not encounter a single passenger; all above, before, around him, was the loneliness and gloom; while the dark watery expanse flowing silently below, showed through the beautiful balustrade with an appalling dreariness. Harry was touched with a feeling melancholy; but the emotion was transient, and the unbidden sigh which rose to his lip terminated in a merry whistle.

About three hundred yards beyond the second toll, he came up with a woman, who was standing with her back towards him, as though avoiding observation, holding by the wall that skirts the foot-path, and leaning her cheek upon the stone parapet. Her tattered garb bespoke extreme poverty; her arms were bare, and the slight covering that was spread over her shoulders was drenched with the heavy dew. She asked no alms, she uttered no lamentations; but the sound of her bitter sobs reached Harry's ear, and arrested his progress. He briefly inquired the source of her suffering, and was soon enabled to gather from her broken incoherent accents, that she was the mother of a large family, reduced to a state of the most abject distress and destitution, and having been unsuccessful during the day in her attempts to obtain some relief to their necessities, she had formed a resolution to drown herself, rather than to return home to brave the unanswerable cries of her children's hunger. "But, oh! my baby," she exclaimed, "my own dear baby, what must become of you?" and the tears that gushed from her eyes seemed drops of blood wrung from her heart, by the torturing thought of her infant perishing for want. Harry's hand was instinctively in his pocket; there was but one single coin remaining there, and that was a love token! a curious shilling of the reign of Queen Anne; but the end justified the means; his time was pressing; he hastily drew forth the keepsake of his absent fair, and putting it into the woman's hand ran off towards the theatre; while the object of his compassionate bounty sunk, overwhelmed with gratitude, on her knee, pouring out fervent benedictions on the head of her youthful benefactor, for his unsolicited and timely aid.

Harry was a sad, thoughtless, unthrifty cashier; his salary, such as it was, was always mortgaged a fortnight in advance; yet the boy had so much of honour and honesty about him, that his fellow performers, or even the manager himself, never hesitated to lend him a guinea at any time. On this evening he executed his part, as *secondo violino*, with unusual ability and spirit; and when the performance was over adjourned with a musical colleague to a tavern in the neighbourhood, which the persons belonging to the theatre were accustomed to frequent.

"Come," said Harry's companion, when they had made an end of their refreshment, "show us your metal, my lad; hand up some semi-quavers."

"Devil a doit have I got," answered Harry, "not a single demi-semi to buy a bit of rosin," turning out his pockets as he spoke, to evince their utter emptiness.

"Why, where's your silver pocket-piece?" exclaimed the other; "your *Anna Regina*? the lady's head without a tongue in it. I thought you always carried it about you, just to swear by, and to pay for your swearing; a shilling's the change for taking an oath, you know."

"Oh," replied Craven, hesitatingly, "I've lost it, that is, I gave it away just now."

"Fie for shame," rejoined his friend, "gave away the seal of your mistress's constancy! why, I'd as soon have parted with the great seals of England."

"The fact is," said Harry, in exculpation, "I used it to bribe a poor devil of a woman not to throw herself into the Thames; though, mayhap, I was a fool

for my pains, for it's odds if the world of waters, or any other world isn't better than this one."

Harry then recounted the incident he had met with on his way to the theatre, adding, "I'd gladly give a sovereign this moment to redeem that old shilling; and it's not worth more than eight pence, I guess, to any one but me."

"Ah, you're a noble rascal," cried his messmate; "I don't want your cash. There, mine host, subtract two-thirds out of that half crown."

The landlord, who had been standing near the box during the latter part of the dialogue, bowing respectfully as he offered the change, and eying Craven with a marked expression of kindness, wished his customers a cordial 'good night,' and the two friends shortly afterwards left the house.

It was a few days subsequently to this, that Harry, being engaged one morning at rehearsal, received a message, desiring to be spoken with by a person who refused to give his name; and, on descending to the box-office, was surprised to find the landlord of the Wellington Arms waiting to see him, who at once declared the object of his visit, by proffering to the astonished Harry the identical piece of money that he had bestowed in charity; at the same time explaining how it had come into his possession, by saying, that having been asked its worth by a baker in the neighbourhood, who stated that he had taken it of a poor woman in payment for a loaf of bread, on the very night in question; and having heard Harry bewail the loss of such a coin, he bartered with the baker for its full nominal value, in order that he might have the satisfaction of restoring it to its original owner. Harry, delighted with the recovery of his treasure, after making a thousand acknowledgments, drew out his purse to substantiate his gratitude; but the worthy old man declined his liberality, took Harry apart, and after briefly commenting on the youth's candour and generosity, went on to say, that, if he felt inclined to relinquish his present unprofitable pursuit, he would be happy to appoint him major-domo of his own lucrative concern.

"I have got neither chick nor child," said he. "I once had a boy, indeed, he might be about your age, but the perverse dog went to sea and was lost; and my wife is but a poor sickly thing, so I am obliged to confide the business almost entirely to servants, who consider it, I presume, their chief duty to cheat me of every sixpence that they possibly can; but now if you will come and put your honest hand foremost among 'em, I warrant it should be as much your gain as it would be mine."

"Strike hands, most princely Boniface, I take your offer," cried Harry. "Henceforth I abandon the bow, for drawing of beer; and 'flow thou regal purple stream,' with accompaniments, be my morning and evening song."

Preliminaries were soon adjusted, and it was not long before Harry was installed in his new office, where he conducted himself with the utmost integrity; married an amiable and reputable young woman of his own rank in life; and in the course of a few years the whole property of the inn devolved to himself, which he directed should in future be known by the sign of the *Queen's Head*. ARIETTA.

THE REPOSITORY.

"He was a man—he had a noble heart,
That pitied all less happy than himself."

THE LAST SHILLING.

THE clock had struck six as Harry Craven issued from his obscure lodging in Burleigh-street, Exeter Change, to attend his professional duties, in the orchestra, at one of the minor theatres, in the southern division of the metropolis. It was a dismal November evening; a dense fog obscured the atmosphere; yet he walked forward with a firm, buoyant step, for

THE REPOSITORY.

She's sent poor Pilgrims the mitten,
Oh luck! I have lost my poor ring,
And I all the evening am sitting
Away from so pretty a thing.
As this dear little creature is sitting,
Who has banished my hopes in the mitten,
But her heart at last will be smitten,
And she all in dumps will be sitting

THE MITTEN.

SHE who has trifled with the feelings, after having excited the warm glow of a longing fancy; after having led the ardent youth by winning smiles into her captivating snares, and brought every passion to its proper height, and entrapped him fairly in the net of adoration, then to coquette in order to gratify her vanity, and place him as upon the rack of torture, will well know the full meaning, and will sometimes smile at the mention of "the mitten;" while, in others, it will call to mind the opportunities that have been slighted, while they who have been the object of them have gone forth successfully in the world, and left them to mourn their folly in a state of "single blessedness." From the last class, the substance of the following brief tale is gleaned.

"Will you accept of my arm and company?" said a young man to a girl of fifteen, after they had been spending the evening together at a party. "No;" was the laconic answer. He cast his eyes upon her, but spoke not—there was a glance of contempt in them that exceeded the powers of utterance, and yet there was a smile of pity that blended together and produced a countenance that I shall long remember for its animated appearance.

Samuel E. was an engraver, just entering on the stage of business, but without what the world calls the necessary recommendations of property. With a character without a blemish, he was relying upon his own industry for support, and went on gleaning from the various sources, the means to satisfy a just ambition, the way growing easier as he advanced, he was obtaining the sure reward of industry and economy.

Jane K. was a printer's daughter; possessing all the proud feelings she had imbibed from her father, her mind not having expanded to the light of truth, and reason had never held her empire within her heart. She was called a beauty, and flattery was strowed around; and the world appeared before her, filled with roses which were for ever to bloom; and the pathway clothed with verdure, it was to be one continual sunshine of joy, and not a cloud was ever to cover the horizon. Under such impressions she mingled in the youthful circle and moved in the splendour of fashion. She received the homage of all, and considered adoration as her due, until vanity took possession of her heart, and she was carried away by the torrent and hurried into the vortex of follies. Beauty ever commands the tribute of admiration, but is ever dangerous to the possessor, for soon flatterers crowd around, and soon it is that flattery only suits the ear—they have learnt to know that they are handsome, and think that accomplishments and beauty are ever connected. All in their progress onward, have opportunities offered, but they are waiting for something more brilliant—they are, too, in their hey-day, and beauty will continue, and admirers will still throng around, and they shield themselves under its smiles, and forget that

Beauty's a charm; but soon that charm must pass,
until they are awakened from the delightful revelry, to behold the true picture; one after another of those had disappeared, who they could once count in the circle of their admirers, until they are left alone; the horizon had become clouded, the roses had all withered, and the verdure was scared. Then the scene is changed, and if there is ever a ray of sunshine lights

up the scene, it is when an old gallant comes to ogle a few dull moments away—it gives them pleasure, because it creates a gleam of hope.

Thus were the parties situated when I left the village, and occasionally I received a letter which served as a link to bind together many fond ideas in the chain of remembrance—to keep warm the feelings, and direct them in a proper channel, where they might revel and feast by the powers of retrospection, and grow dearer and still more dear, as I viewed more and more the cold selfishness of man. Finally one arrived containing the marriage of Samuel; it was the last I received.

Several years after, one bright summer day, when nature was all calm and serene, and the landscape all quiet, as I rode down the main road to the village, a noble mansion commanded my attention. Around it hung all the riches of the season—it was delightfully situated, all spreading before the eye its noble site, and presenting the neatness of careful husbandry, combined with the influence of beauty and the regularity of prudence. The scenes of my nativity had almost vanished—the village had risen by the magic of industry, and naught was left but the village green, on which the schoolboy was sporting in all the frolicsomeness of youth. I inquired for Samuel; he was the resident of the noble mansion. I found him still the same prudent economist, although he had his thousands at interest. Neatness characterized the outer appearance, while simplicity dwelt within; and then appeared before me an elder maiden lady, around whom the faded appearance of youthful beauty yet lingered—it was Jane K.; she was the tutoress of his children.

Thus time, that had wrought changes in the village, had also had effect upon its families, and she who had once sported in the hey-day of fashion, and basked in the smiles of fortune, had become tutoress in a family, to the head of which she had once given "the mitten." Ladies, take care, if you are possessed of beauty, use it prudently—reject not too many opportunities, for remember that poor Richard said "no morning sun will last a whole day." **EGBERT.**

THE TROPICS.

In these seas the sun rises from the ocean with great splendour, and gilds the clouds accumulated in the horizon, which, in grand and various groups, seem to present to the eye of the spectator continents with high mountains and valleys, with volcanoes and seas, mythological and other strange creations of fancy.

The lamp of day gradually mounts in the transparent blue sky; the damp gray fogs subside; the sea is calm, or gently rises and falls, with a surface smooth as a mirror, in a regular motion. At noon, a pale, faintly shining cloud rises, the herald of a sudden tempest, which at once disturbs the tranquillity of the sea. Thunder and lightning seem as if they would split our planet; but a heavy rain, of a saltish taste, pouring down in the midst of roaring whirlwinds, puts an end to the raging of the elements; and several semi-circular rainbows, extended over the ocean like gay triumphal arches, and multiplied in the wrinkled surface of the water, announce the termination of the great natural phenomenon.

As soon as the air and sea have recovered their repose and equilibrium, the sky again shows its transparent azure; swarms of flying-fish leap sporting over the surface of the water, and the many coloured natives of the ocean, among which is the shark, with his two inseparable companions, *Gasterosteus Ductor* and *Echeneis Remora*, come up from the bottom of the element, which is translucent to the depth of a hundred fathoms. Singularly formed Medusæ, the bladder-shaped Physalis, with its blue pungent filaments, serpent-like streaks of Salpæ, joined together, float carelessly along; and many other little marine animals, of the most various kinds, pass slowly, the sport of the waves, by the motionless vessel. As the sun gradually sinks in the clouded horizon, sea and sky assume a new dress, which is, beyond description, sublime and magnificent; the most brilliant red, yellow, and violet, in infinite shades and contrast, are poured out in profusion over the azure of the firmament, and are reflected in gayer variety from the surface of the water. The day departs amidst continual lightnings in the dusky horizon; while the moon, in silent majesty, rises from the unbounded ocean into the cloudless upper regions. Variable winds cool the atmosphere; numerous falling stars, coming particularly from the south, shed a magic light; the dark blue firmament, reflected with the constellations on the untroubled bosom of the water, represents the image of the whole starry hemisphere; and the ocean, agitated even by the faintest breeze of the night, is changed into a sea of waving fire.

THE WANDERER.

"Yet once again amidst his fright,
 "He tried what sight could do;
 "When, through the cheating glooms of night,
 "A monster stood in view."

A TRUE STORY.

THE following story, which is said to be a fact, is taken from a late Edinburgh paper, and will be amusing to our readers :

A countryman passing a burial ground near Cupar, one night some weeks ago, observed two or three men inside the wall, and suspecting them to be disturbers of the dead, challenged them as he approached, with their unhallowed purpose. One of them made an answer in an under tone that they were not resurrection men, but smugglers ; and that if he would venture over the wall, they would make it worth his while to keep their secret. The man did not scruple to join them, and was conducted to a little building adjoining the steeple, where they and their stores were deposited : here by the glimmering of the starlight, he was able to discover a well-filled bottle, with glasses, and other good cheer, with which they told him to make free till their return. The invitation was too agreeable to be declined ; but John had hardly begun to make a proper use of his opportunities, when the door was somewhat hastily shut, and the light which was to guide his operations obscured. The place besides, was reckoned unlucky, being that set apart for the sexton's tools ; so that the poor fellow thought himself in much distress. His alarm was augmented on hearing the strangers engaged in a whispering conversation without, of which he imagined himself the subject. The idea that they were resurrection men again recurred to his mind, and he had often been told that to those persons a living subject was as acceptable as a dead one. He imagined he heard them say distinctly, "Pshaw, wont it be much better to kill a fellow that is fresh, than dig up one that is rotten?" And his terror, as may be easily conceived, was now at its climax ; he whined most piteously, and offered every thing he was worth as the price of his ransom. Entreaties seemed for a while to be of no avail, but one of the men at last approached the door, and told him in a low voice to be silent ; that having got a subject which would suit them, they had resolved that he should be spared, on condition that he carried the body to a place in the woods, where they had a gig in waiting for it. This was glad tidings to the countryman ; so issuing forth from his place of imprisonment, he bent his back to receive the odious burden. The load was adjusted, and he sallied forth from the burial ground, between two sturdy vampires, who were to be his guides, and who watched him with the most wolfish vigilance. The road was long and dark—with much sweating, however, he at last arrived at the place where he had calculated on being relieved. The gig, however, was not to be seen ; but the men who were some distance behind, told him to lay down his burden, and untie the sack to see that all was right. John tumbled down the deceased heap, and from his terror of the fellows, having opened it, (though with much reluctance,) was horridly astonished when the imagined corpse started up and insisted on being carried half a mile farther, to a little ale house in a corner of the wood ! Thunderstruck and aghast at this unexpected requisition, John would have willingly crept into a snail-shell to escape the extraordinary stranger ; but as this was

impossible, and as the furze and underwood prevented speedy flight, his next resource was a desperate offer of battle, which however the spectre declined, vanishing among the trees with a hearty and horrible laugh. John scrambled home the best way he could, terrified lest he should tumble over a living corpse in every ditch. Nor did he learn till some time after (when he only gathered it from the banTERS of his comrades) that in the whole affair he had only been made the sport of three fellows who had been employed to protect the church yard, after a recent funeral, from the jackalls of the dissectors.

THE ATTORNEY.

"Most true—the will—let's stay and hear the will."

THE WILL.

As the tanner's widow waxed sickly and infirm, she became an enticing object for Mrs. Doldrum, one of those human screech-owls who prowl about the abodes of misery and death, croaking out dismal tidings, and hovering over corpses. She seemed only happy when surrounded by wretchedness, and her undertaker-like mind appeared to live upon death. When she could not treat herself with a dissolution, she would look about her for a broken leg, a bankruptcy, a family where there was a dishonoured daughter, a runaway son, or any calamity she could by good fortune discover.

"Oh, my dear friend!" she exclaimed to Mrs. Pitman, a short time before her death, "I am so delighted to see you, (here a groan,) you know my regard for you, (another groan,) seeing your bed-room shutters closed, I took it for granted it was all over with you, so I came in just to close your eyes and lay out your body. Delighted to find you alive, (groan the third,) let us be of good cheer, perhaps you may yet linger out a week longer, though it would be a great release if it would please heaven to take you, (groan the fourth,) and yet I fear you are sadly prepared for the next world; (groan the fifth and longest.) You know my regard for you. The Lord be good unto us! Hark! is that the death watch? I certainly heard a ticking."—

This consolatory personage was all alive the moment she heard of Mrs. Pitman's death, which occurred shortly after; and she was obviously in her proper element when superintending the closing of window-shutters, and all the minute arrangements adopted on such mournful occasions.

At her own particular request, she was indulged with the privilege of setting up with the body the first night, and would not even resign her station on the second, which was the time appointed for the reading of the will.

Frank Millington had been sent for express to attend this melancholy ceremony; Mr. Swipes and Mr. Currie were, of course, present, in deep mourning, with visage to match, and each with a white pocket handkerchief to hide the tears which he feared he would be unable to shed.

Mr. Drawl, the attorney, held the portentous document in his hand, bristling with seals; and two or three friends were requested to attend as witnesses. The slow and precise man of law, who shared none of his auditors' impatience, was five minutes in picking the locks of the seals, as many more in arranging his spectacles, and having placed his finger on his nose, through

which he always talked, (as if to clear the way,) he at length began his lecture.

As the will, at the old lady's request, had been made as short and simple as possible, he had succeeded in squeezing it into six large skins of parchment, which we shall take the liberty of crushing into as many lines. After a few unimportant legacies to servants and others, it is stated that the whole residue of her property, personal and real, consisting of ———, here a formidable schedule of houses, farms, tenements, buildings, appurtenances, stocks, bonds, moneys, and possessions, occupying twenty minutes in recital, were bequeathed to her dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, brewer, and Christopher Currie, saddler.——

Here Mr. Drawl laid down his parchment, drew his breath, and began to wipe his spectacles, in which space of time Mr. Swipes was delivered of a palpable and incontestible snivel, in the getting up whereof he was mainly assisted by a previous cold; and endeavouring to enact a sob, which, however, sounded more like gurgling his throat, he ejaculated, "Generous creature! worthy woman! kind soul!"

Mr. Currie, who thought it safer to be silently overcome by his feelings, buried his face in his handkerchief, whence he finally emerged with indisputable red and watery eyes, though it is upon record, that he had been noticed that morning groping about the onion-bed in his own garden, and had been seen to stoop down and pick something up.

They were both, with an ill-concealed triumph, beginning to express to Frank their regret that he had not been named, and to inform him that they could dispense with his farther assistance, when Mr. Drawl, with his calm and nasal twang, cried out,

"Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats; I have not done yet:" and resuming the parchment and his posture, thus proceeded—

"Let me see, where was I?—Ay, Samuel Swipes, brewer, and Christopher Currie, saddler,"—and then raising his voice to adapt it to the large German text words that came next, he sang out,

"IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive use and benefit of my dear nephew, Frank Millington, when he shall have attained the age of twenty-five years; by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeathe to him."

"What's all this?" exclaimed Mr. Swipes, "You don't mean that we're humbugged? In trust? How does that appear? Where is it?"

Mr. Drawl, depositing his spectacles, looking up at the ceiling, and scratching the under part of his chin, pointed to the two fatal words, which towered conspicuously among the multitude of their companions: and the brewer's nether jaw gradually fell down till it crumbled and crushed the frill of his shirt.

Mr. Currie, with a pale face and goggle eyes, stood staring at his co-trustee, not exactly understanding what it all meant, though he saw by his countenance that there was some sudden extinction of their hopes.

As the will was dated several years back, Frank only wanted three weeks of the stipulated time; after which he took quiet possession of the large estates left to him by his fond and generous aunt, to the great chagrin of the two cousins.

the advice of a physician, carried her to Bath.— Change of objects and amusement restored her spirits, her health, and her charms—but that she might not lose her reputation of being dangerous, a man of affluent fortune declared himself in danger of losing his peace on her account. She withdrew the reserve that had chilled him; marriage followed, and this *dangerous woman* now moves in a circle far above that from which she was chased.

THE GATHERER.

"Away with sameness—let us gaily range
Where novelties delight at every change;
We should not always gaze upon a rose,
For innocent variety bestows
The sweetest salvo to terrestrial woes."

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

THAT a word may be a two-edged sword, the following circumstance will illustrate:

The daughter of a barrister, at the death of her father, found herself in possession of a small competence. She was tenderly attached to a feeble mother who led a retired life, yet her own excellencies gave her an enlarged circle of acquaintance; but when she appeared in family or private parties, unhappily she was too much distinguished. The other females were neglected, and in proportion as the men admired, the ladies of course hated. They sifted her conduct for a pretext to have her abandoned, but in vain. A maiden of fortune, who from her riches was allowed to give the ton to the opinions of her acquaintance, declared that Miss B. was a *very dangerous woman*; the word hit; they severally pronounced, with a shake of the head, in all their parties, that *such a one*, although very elegant and very engaging, was a dangerous woman. The girls said this to their brothers, and the wives to their husbands; and they only spoke truth, for when she was present they were all in danger of being overlooked. Coolness soon turned to estrangement, and this poor creature found at one-and-twenty every door shut against her. A female friend, to soothe her uneasiness, told her the cause. "You are believed to be a dangerous woman." The word was a death-stroke to her heart; what could she do to parry it? It implied every thing, without specifying any thing. Had they imputed any vice to her, the whole tenor of her life would have been its refutation. Sinking under the blow, she pined in secret, and her constitution was undermined—had she made the just translation of this invidious word, she had been less bitterly affected—for when they called her dangerous, they only meant she was *attractive*. Her wretched mother, by

the sanctity of the pledge carries with it the most serious responsibility of our condition. Incalculable is the misery which the indiscreet estimate of this relation has infused into a portion of mankind. Many a man formed for the highest bliss of life, has found every hope turned in the disappointment and pain of an ill-sorted union; and many a lovely girl, breathing the fragrance of heaven, and exulting in its purity—with lightsome step and joyful eye careering through the enchantments of a world that seemed to her all splendour, grace and harmony, has been snatched from the delusion of the fairy scene, to sicken under the rude guardianship of an unsympathizing spirit, or waste her sweetness in the cold forgetfulness of one who knew not how to esteem her. And on the other side, many a day of privation and suffering has been brightened by the holy influence of chastened love, and many a weary hour cheated of its sorrows.

Whether the joys or pains of this condition be altogether dependant upon the just exercise of the judgment and feelings, or whether a blind fatality hover over it, is a consideration I shall forbear to entertain; well assured, that however delusive may be the impulses which bring individuals together, all the dignity, and much of the happiness of that association, rest upon their subsequent conduct. For there is a controlling power in the uprightness of an intelligent man, which penetrates into the secret motives of action, and wins over by its example, or subdues by its authority, every unwholesome caprice, and reduces to the level of plain and sober judgment every waywardness of temper. Such is the influence of name, such the magic of character, that even those who are actuated by a principle inferior to the affection of a wife, submit to its dominion, and experience its reforming health; how much more powerful is it, when seconded by the devotion of love, and that overwhelming sentiment of dependance to which woman is destined by the institutions of society and the decree of her nature!

I know nothing more amiable or alluring to contemplation, than the union of character and feeling exhibited in the lives of a high-minded man and a virtuous wife; than to see him supporting the honours of his name amidst the conflicts of the world, standing boldly forward in the perilous scene, and buffeting with an outstretched arm the invading troubles of life, while his virtues are brightened with the lustre of domestic love, and the thousand reserved graces of the woman he adores. I know nothing more pitiable than the exhibition of an interesting and amiable female, bound by the dark cords of fate to a man without principles, who has suffered the counterfeited passion which once prompted him to sue, to expire with the attainment of his wish. For a man, however he may struggle with the curse of an unhappy connexion, has still the wide world before him, fraught with seductions to beguile every sorrow; but woman, dependant by nature and by fortune, looks in vain for some refuge from the anguish of her life, and is compelled to yield to the bitterness of a destiny that admits of no alternative. It is then her's to cringe before the creature that neglects her, and give up the tattered remnant of her love to the monster that cannot value it.

Such has been the fate of my little friend Placida. When first I knew her she was young and beautiful, with person all grace, and a mind all truth. Fortune had given her elevated rank, and she received the caresses of the world as the tribute to her personal merit—all unconscious of the attractions of her riches or her beauty, and as little believing that any part of this homage was the obsequiousness of hypocrites, who sought their own distinction by the incense they offered to her vanity. Never did mortal bear with more amiable ease such encompassing perils. Among the many who frequented her presence was one, who

found himself in the possession of some such specious qualities as are known ordinarily to bear with particular force upon female admiration. He was by the world called a youth of expectation, by which sometimes are merely meant a showy carriage and respectable connexions. His character, stripped of its appendages, was only negative, and sought its support in pretension and policy. On this occasion he had the meanness to assume a disguise for the purpose of winning a woman's heart. He knew she was affectionate in her disposition, and soon led to love whatever she respected. Her fault was, that her respect did not always grow out of her judgment, but, like most ladies, whose observation is too much fettered to the precincts of family associations, she permitted her respect to strengthen rather by the sanction of society; the unmeaning, the indiscreet, nay, the guilty toleration of friends, than by the calm dictate of her own judgment. She heard her lover praised as a man of sense. He was proud of the reputation, and supported it by artifice. She saw him well received in company: men of sense did not disdain his society, and she considered their endurance as the mark of their esteem. She forgot, or perhaps she did not know, that the mass of even judicious men seldom direct their actions by a regard for others; that they consult their own views without much caring how their acquiescence or their silence may affect the ill-judged, and sometimes the fatal conclusions of others. PLACIDA gave her hand, and with it she believed she had given her heart. Her husband soon threw off his mask—he proved selfish and mean. It is many years since they were married, and the poor girl still lives with him, in the belief of the world, happy and contented. I, who pry behind the scenes, have often witnessed the anguish of heart, in the contest between her private sense of wrong and her reputation abroad. The dastardly fellow who stole her love, sometimes feels the rebuking sorrow of her eye, and in his moments of liberality—for the meanest at times forget their nature—declares her a Saint. She submits to his ill-temper, she yields to his caprices, and sometimes succeeds in convincing him that a savage may be shamed into submission by the nod of an angel.

Here I must pause—to-morrow night at twelve I will conclude my reflections, and will present you with the picture of a happy wife; in the mean time pity the fate of the unfortunate Placida, and carefully avoid the causes which lead to similar misfortunes.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE OBSERVER.

"I also am a painter."

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

"Ed io anche son pittore."

We cannot always laugh, however ridiculous the world around us. Folly suits the gay moment of leisure, and affords entertainment while the mind remains unabsorbed by the saddening realities of life. But there are pauses of reflection which come across the busy thoughts of the most careless, like the shadows of clouds over the verdant landscapes of spring. I now feel myself sinking into that mood in which the fancy rebels against the dominion of airy laughter, and the soul loves to wander through the regions of pensive tenderness. My candle burns dimly towards its socket: the hoarse bawl of the watchman announces the noon of night; the howl of distant dogs seems to tell that the robber is abroad; Queen Mab revels over her prostrate subjects, and carries through the gorgeous and fantastic apartments of the beauty's brain the phantoms of pleasure, of conquest, and of love; and all that bustling and noisy crowd which a few hours ago filled up the gaudy panorama of life, now lies as silent and insect-like as the grave. Under the inspiration of the consecrated hour, my thoughts carry me, almost involuntarily, to a subject upon which I never dwell without a serious sentiment.

Among the most sacred relations of life, is that which fetters in wedlock, to the equal destiny of weal or woe, two beings who vowed their mutual loves before the altar of our God. It is the surrender of every selfish feeling at the foot-stool of affection, and

THE REPOSITORY.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in malice."

A TALE.

Reader:—"If the cap fit, wear it."

AMELIA MARIA FRANCES was the fourth daughter of an opulent merchant in the city of ———. Possessing attractions in her childhood, which were eminently distinguished, she invariably gained the esteem, perhaps the love, of all her acquaintances; nature seemed to have exerted her utmost skill in forming a being, who would combine all the intellectual and physical qualities of humanity, and to have bestowed upon Amelia the power of pleasing every one by an unstudied, unsophisticated simplicity; a continued strain of youthful hilarity, and an uncommon vivacity, perfectly unrestrained, and free from the inroads of art, were her constant companions; and while the aged listened for awhile with delight to her simple, lively conversation, the young flocked around her, eager to catch each idea as it fell, and each checking the remarks of the other, lest they should lose a word of what they felt they could listen to for ever. She was indeed the darling of the one—the idol of the other. Still Amelia was not perfect, and although in childhood, she was pointed out as a complete model of simplicity, yet the errors which exist in the education of female youth, the flattery of fools, and the adulation of those whose affections she unwittingly had won, adulterated the purity of her mind, and gradually casting the mists of vanity and affectation around her, spoiled what until then had been nature's choicest, loveliest production.

There was one amid the admiring throng on whom Amelia deigned to bestow the appellation of *friend*; and, singular as it may appear, this very one possessed less outward attractions than any of her acquaintance.

Henry Davenport was of all others the least likely to make favourable impressions at first. He was remarkably tall and slender, without being erect; his countenance was singularly, yet not pleasingly striking; his manners were neither easy nor graceful, nor were his conversations generally of such a nature as would most probably be admired. This was his own fault; nature had given him talents, a quick, penetrating, and seldom false judgment. He knew his own strength, yet never exerted it. His chief pursuit was the study of mankind, and in divining the characters of those who surrounded him he seldom failed. He could find none, however, to please him, and therefore took no delight in gaining their admiration. Nevertheless, Henry had many sterling qualities; he was profusely generous, high-minded, and spirited, and guided in all his dealings by the strictest integrity; he never once deviated from the path of honour; he was proud, yet properly so; distant, yet not supercilious; his friendships, never formed but upon the basis of mature deliberation, were lasting—his love, like the steady flame on the altar of Vesta, burned calmly on, for ever.

Such was the person with whom Amelia Frances formed *friendship*—perhaps on her part it was mere nominal affection, but with him, it was *pure disinterested, unqualified* attachment. He saw her, loved her, cultivated her acquaintance, and laid the foundation of a passion, which has clung to him through life. He loved her for her simplicity, and ere she enrobed herself in the fascinations of art, Henry was too deeply infatuated to discover the defects which now blended with her former brilliancy.

Henry Davenport looked on Amelia as the only being whom he felt could make him happy, and while he basked in the sunshine of her smiles, he was occupied solely in endeavouring to anticipate, that he might

gratify her every wish. He "never told his love;" that was unnecessary.

Amelia, conscious of being beloved, her pride gratified at the idea of having already made a conquest, and suffering her breast to be harrowed up by the conflicting emotions of gratitude and vanity, unfortunately permitted her better feelings to give way to the impulse of this new passion, and calling in the aid of coquetry, Henry was for once completely deceived. He looked for and thought he might claim a reciprocity of feeling, and deluded by the affectation of boundless love, which was continually presented to him, he suffered himself to sink imperceptibly into the snares she had laid for him.

Amelia, the changed, deluded, and comparatively degraded Amelia, sported with him for a while—her smiles still shed a balmy ray upon him, and Henry was happy—she breathed her wishes and they were grateful—she received his presents, and the cup of pleasure never left his lips. He drank deep of it, and inebriated with the sweet enticing draught, he revelled in unqualified delight.

But the tender heart that's formed to love,
Is formed, alas, to sorrow too.

His happiness, built as it was, on an ideal foundation, was destined to be wrecked on the quicksands of disappointment.

Amelia had a crowd of admirers, composed of what? the votaries of pleasure; men, elegant in their deportment, possessing the means of rendering themselves agreeable, derived rather from an intercourse with the world than from their own intrinsic merit. Creatures who received the noblest work of their Creator, merely as a loan sent to administer to their follies, and who, when they had trifled away an hour in idle conversation, disgusting flattery, and ridiculous, because insincere adulation, left their victim, to revel in the haunts of vice and immorality. These men were the men by whom Amelia was surrounded; and can we wonder that she deviated from the path which nature had traced for her? Her reason yielded to the influence of her passions, and they had been corrupted. She lost sight of him who loved her, and forgetting that she was beloved, neglected to preserve the disguise in which she had been enveloped. The clouds which had been slowly accumulating over the head of Henry Davenport, while he basked in the mild beams which played around him, burst forth at length, and overwhelming him with a full sense of his delusion, left him to ruminate on the fairy vision they had destroyed.

Henry's feelings were of the most refined nature, and his heart sickened within him when he beheld the wreck before him. He mourned not that he had lost her, for she was unworthy of him—he mourned only that she should have been so lost to herself. He wept to think that the lovely flower had lost its attractions, that "the withered leaf and cankered stem" alone remained to remind him of how beautiful it had been once, but most of all he sorrowed at the cause.

LOTHARIO.

THE CABINET.

"Love is a curious thing you know,
"It makes one feel all over so."

ADELIA.

In perusing the poetry in the MIRROR, a few days since, I was not a little surprised to find the greater part of it addressed by some fond swains to their beloved fair ones. I was delighted with the many pretty things I read, and began to envy the happiness they must each joy with their beauteous charmers, not one of whom was pourtrayed without long silken eye-lashes; eyes sparkling, from which, at every glance, the darts of love are dealt out lavishly among us; with flowing, curling locks, shading an alabaster neck; a countenance and form which nothing earthly can surpass, accompanied by a mind which does not disgrace the personal charms, with other attractions, which told so smooth in rhyme that I was captivated with more than half the ladies to whom the sonnets were addressed, and began to feel ashamed that I was not among those who were writing such encomiums on the united power of beauty, intellect, and virtue. I had often heard it asserted, that a person in love could versify as a matter of course, and I resolved, if possible, to fall in love immediately, that I might have the pleasure of seeing a production of my own in print.

Adelia I had known from infancy. We had been intimate friends, and I now determined to be in love with her, and commence my epistle, in which I apprehended no difficulty, as "verse was ever the companion of a lover." Oh! how delighted will she be, said I, to be called an angel, to have her face described in poetry, without mention of the scar on her cheek, the crook in her nose, or the loss of her teeth.

Let no one think I mean to sneer at talents I can only admire without hoping to imitate, or that I am attempting to ridicule what deserves and receives my unqualified approbation. To tell a plain unvarnished tale of my own adventure, in consequence of turning lover, is my object. Laugh at me if you will, pity me if you can.

I soon commenced my work, as follows:

Light of my life, my soul's best treasure;
Dearer by far than gold or silver;
Without thee I can find no pleasure;
And——

Here I found myself obliged to stop, having unfortunately stumbled upon the word silver at the end of my second line, and all my genius for poetry, aided by love, was insufficient to complete the verse, and make it rhyme.

And—And—And—
And I'm resolv'd that I will kill her!!!

'Pshaw, said I, this cannot be a production inspired by love. Kill her?—wheugh, what a thought for one who can live but in her presence; die if she frown, and half expire in extatic joy if she but deign to smile. Kill her! I could not get the thought out of my head; and who knows, thought I, that if she sees such a production from me she may not laugh herself to death, for I had heard her say she "thought she should have died with laughing when her cousin

Sally showed her a love ditty she had received from her dear Dick;" and I very reasonably concluded, that if a letter to her cousin almost killed her, she would be quite defunct before she could read one addressed to herself. Then, should she expire in consequence of my verses, I being the cause of her untimely exit, shall (according to custom, when a woman is in the case) be guilty of *man-slaughter*. The dreary walls of a prison rose before me, drops of sweat trickled from my face, the form of the lovely Adelia gasping in a hysterical laugh at my *death-dealing love-letter*, presented itself to my bewildered imagination, and I began to entertain ideas of killing myself, to follow her, when the door opened, and in came my friend Hiram, with eyes almost starting from their sockets, to see me, who had always been considered a moderate, steady-minded body, striding the room with a disordered air, and evincing many symptoms of a maniac. What is the matter, he anxiously inquires? What has happened? I have killed a lady, and am about to follow her was my almost incoherent answer. Never before, or since, was such a picture of astonishment presented to my eyes as Hiram now showed.

"A statue, motionless, he gazed,
"Astonished, horror-struck, amazed.
"So the despairing patriarch stood,
"When Heaven demanded Isaac's blood;
"So Jephtha looked whose answer'd prayer
"Condemn'd to death his daughter fair;
"And so the prince of Denmark stared,
"When first his father's ghost appeared."

When the first transport of surprise had subsided, he faintly inquired how the dreadful accident happened. "There," said I, "is a scrawl I have been addressing to her, which will make her die with laughter." My friend's risibility at this was a little excited: he advanced to the table, and read my lines, while I endeavoured to recover my scattered senses, and find out if any thing serious had really befallen me. Reiterated bursts of laughter from Hiram, convinced me that I was the dupe of imaginary visions, and that thinking myself in love had bewildered my brain, and caused me to make this most egregious mistake. I seized my poor devoted love epistle, and tore it in a thousand pieces, while Hiram stood laughing at the foolish figure I made. He joked me; I lost all patience, showed him the door, and alienated my friend for ever.

Thus ended my love scheme, by almost depriving me of reason, by causing me to forfeit the favour of a true friend, by making me ridiculous in my own eyes, and setting me up as a mark, at which all my acquaintance may aim their jests without fear of retaliation.

Adelia has heard of my *man-slaughtering* verses, and I am obliged, whenever I pass her house, to have my attention attracted by some object on the opposite side of the street, for fear of meeting her eye, with a face clothed in that mortifying smile, which her sex so well know how to wear when they see one whom they care very little about, who has rendered himself a ludicrous object on their account.

I have derived some benefit, however, from this capricious whim, and learned a lesson I shall not soon forget, not to fancy myself enamoured of the next fair face I chance to encounter, and rack my invention to write poetry, to convince any one of a passion which does not exist.

ALPHA.

Well may you dread in this rude hour,
The lightning's vivid flash to feel;
When to such strong attractive power,
You add, fair maid, a heart of steel.

What became of Augustus, I do not know.

Many summers and winters have long gone by since he left the city, and all inquiries after him have been unsuccessful. It was rumoured, however, that he had committed suicide, which I am rather inclined to believe; for the last time I saw him, there was a wildness in his look which plainly told me there was madness in his thoughts.

Amanda sighed not for his loss, though she has often told me since, that she never knew a being so entirely devoted to a woman, as he was to her, nor one who deserved a greater reward for his constancy. She was not so thoughtless when she spoke this of my friend. But no matter, she died about a month ago, in the sixtieth year of her age, a despised old maid! Such be the fate of all women like her, I say—may they all drink deeply of the cup of “single blessedness” in this life, and “lead apes” hereafter. OLD TIMES.

AMANDA.

Augustus had long loved the cold-hearted Amanda, but had sought her affections in vain. She had no objection either to his mental qualifications, or his personal appearance—but she did not love him—nor *any body else*; she felt a perfect indifference for all “biped animals,” as she called them: some were too tall, others too short—some were too young, others too old, they were all alike—all faulty—all a hateful pack; yet, notwithstanding, she was a most bewitching creature; there was something in her eye that was calculated to go directly to the heart of the beholder; a roguish smile upon her lip that caught you—an indescribable manner in her saucy flirting, or to make short of a long story, she was—a very pretty girl.

She had, of course, many admirers, and Augustus was among the most ardent; he studied her “good graces” with more assiduity than all the rest—he “deemed her to be a woman, therefore to be won;” but the poor fellow was mistaken—she had a smile for all, but a frown for him—“a frown!” as Gregory says, “wherefore?” simply because he loved her. Is it not enough to make a girl frown to know that one loves her?

Amanda listened attentively to the many declarations which Augustus made of his love, and often went so far as to give him hope—what for? “Merely,” as she said, “to torment the fellow for his impertinence and his foolishness.”

She had nearly broken her lover's heart—the only heart that ever truly and sincerely loved her; he at last determined to see her but once more! It was to him a painful task, but his honourable nature would not suffer him to depart without complying with the imperious mandate of duty; he therefore went to see her for the purpose of bidding her farewell for ever.

It was a fearful night—the rain descended in heavy torrents; the loud and heavy peals of thunder that grumbled along the sable vault, preceded by the vivid lightning, considerably alarmed Amanda; she unconsciously moved her chair to where Augustus was seated; he saw her uneasiness, and attempted to calm the tumult of her fears—but she repulsed him in a tone so imperative, and wounded his feelings so deeply, that he hurried from her presence, and never saw her again. A friend knowing the whole affair, sent to her the following lines:

THE ASTROLOGER.

"Mark how the sun the moon, the stars move on,

"The planets sail—the comets too appear—

"Mark with attention—and, Oh man, adore

"Thy blessed Maker, that he tells you why."

ASTROLOGY.

ASTROLOGY was long considered as a science by which future events could be foretold, from the aspects and positions of the heavenly bodies. In the literal sense of the term, astrology should signify no more than the doctrine or science of the stars, which was its original acceptation, and made the ancient astrology; though in course of time, an alteration has arisen; that which the ancients called astrology, being afterwards termed astronomy. Astrology may be divided into two branches, *natural* and *judicial*; the latter is that which pretends to foretell moral events; i. e. such as have a dependance on the free will and agency of man; as if they were directed by the stars. This art, which owed its origin to the practices of knavery on credulity, is now universally exploded by the intelligent part of mankind. The professors of this kind of astrology maintain, "that the heavens are one great volume or book, wherein God has written the history of the world; and in which every man may read his own fortune, and the transactions of his time. The art, they say, had its rise from the same hands as astronomy itself. While the ancient Assyrians, whose serene, unclouded sky favoured their celestial observations, were intent on tracing the paths and periods of the heavenly bodies, they discovered a constant settled relation of analogy, between them and things below; and hence were led to conclude these to be the *Parcæ*, the destinies, so much talked of, which preside at our births, and dispose of our future fate. The laws, therefore, of this relation, being ascertained by a series of observations, and the share each planet has therein; by knowing the precise time of any person's nativity, they were enabled, from their knowledge in astronomy, to erect a scheme or horoscope of the situation of the planets, at that point of time, and hence, by considering their degrees of power and influence, and how each was either strengthened or tempered by some other, to compute what must be the result thereof." Such are the arguments of the astrologers in favour of their science. But the chief province, now remaining to the modern professors, is the making of calendars and almanacs. Judicial astrology is commonly said to have been invented in Chaldaea, and thence transmitted to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans; though some will have it of Egyptian origin, and ascribe the invention to Ham. But it is to the Arabs we owe it. At Rome the people were so infatuated with it, that the astrologers, or, as they were then called, the mathematicians, maintained their ground in spite of all the edicts of the emperors to expel them out of the city. The Bramins, who introduced and practised this art among the Indians, have hereby made themselves the arbiters of good and evil hours, which gives them great authority; they are consulted as oracles; and they have taken care never to sell their answers but at good rates. The same superstition has also prevailed in more modern ages and nations.

ments, at the close of the last century, is the following, which really has an air of honesty and sense about it; a remark that will certainly not apply to any other public matrimonial announcement we ever saw. "Is there a girl of moderate fortune, who hath good sense and generosity to prefer a good husband to a rich one, and whose delicacy is not so very refined as to prevent her answering this address? There is a young man of liberal education, whose age is 26, possessed of a sound constitution, a clear head, and a kind heart, who would be happy in her acquaintance. Direct P. Q. at the Coffee-house, in Castle-street, Leicester-fields."

A timid country gentleman, who had been a little practised on, took it in his head that his bed-chamber was haunted, and was very anxious to ascertain the truth. The servants were alarmed, except a drunken groom, who volunteered to sit up if he would give him some wine to raise his spirits—he was not afraid of them. His master placed him at his post, with a bottle of wine before him. In the morning the first inquiry was, "Well, have you seen any thing?" "Yes," was the reply; "I saw the bed-curtains move." "Any thing else?" "No, sir; but it is all your fault." "My fault! how?" "Why, if you had left another bottle, I should have seen as much again."

A well known rake sitting in Drury Lane Theatre, beheld a pretty girl, and was very rude to her. The girl, however, appeared as if she did not or would not hear him; but as he became more bold and impudent, she at last turned round, and said with an angry countenance, "Be pleased to let me alone." To which the surprised and confounded freebooter could only answer, "Nay, do not eat me." Upon which the girl said with a smile, "Be not afraid, *I am a Jewess.*"

A countryman being at law, earnestly requested his attorney to bring on his trial; but the latter, who saw no money stirring, always told his client, "My friend, your affair is so intricate that I cannot see through it." The countryman understood at length what all this meant, and pulling out of his pocket two crown pieces, offered them to the attorney, saying, "Well, sir, here are a pair of spectacles for you."

A consequential fopling was one day displaying, before a large company, his acquaintance with the titles of works which he had merely heard spoken of, and never seen. Addressing himself to a young lady, he asked if she had read the work just published, called *Homer's translation of the Pope's I-lid.*

While the illustrious Riego was lying in a dungeon, just before his murder, a soldier placed as a sentinel over him, one day said, "Were you not a prisoner I would murder you." "Were I not a prisoner," replied the noble Riego, "you would not dare to look me in the face."

The professor of Hebrew, at Oxford, frequently made mention of "radical words." After the sermon, two bed-makers were walking together out of the church, when one was heard to observe, "I say Jack, how he touched up the Radicals, didn't he?"

The noble address of La Roche Jaquelin to his soldiers, is a fine specimen of laconic: "If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me."

Among all the vices cherished in the human breast, none are more shameful than ingratitude. Nature itself abhors this disgraceful crime. The ungrateful person is ever ready to receive the benevolent benefactions of others, without ever once reflecting on the obligation, or to make the least return; and some will smile at the misfortunes of their benefactors!

A lady remarked to an Irishman, that a man in her neighbourhood killed himself for love. "Ah!" said Pat, "and did he die?"

BROTHER AND SISTER.

A gentleman had two children, the one a daughter, that was very plain in her person; the other a boy, that was a great beauty. As they were at play together one day, they saw their faces in a looking-glass, that stood on their mother's chair; upon which the boy, seeing his beauty, was so charmed with it, that he extolled it mightily to his sister, who took these praises of beauty as so many reflections on her disagreeableness. She went to her father, acquainted him with the affair, and made very great complaints of her brother's rudeness to her. Upon this, the prudent old gentleman, instead of being angry, took them upon his knees, and, embracing both with the greatest tenderness, gave them this excellent advice:

"I would have you both look in the glass every day; you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the beauty of your face, by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person, by the lustre of a virtuous and amiable conduct."

Among Grose's collection of popular advertise-

THE TRAVELLER.

"Mark how the traveller, with discerning thought,
Explores those regions often sought before."

CITY OF MEXICO.

THE ancient city of Tenochtitlan contained several extensive aqueducts: that of Chapultepec was destroyed by the captains Alvarado and Olid, at the commencement of the siege. And the remains of the work, by which the waters of Amilco, a spring near Santa Fe, were conveyed to the city, may still be seen. This aqueduct was constructed with double pipes of baked earth. One set of these served to convey the water while the other was cleansing. I have seen in Chili and Peru very extensive works for leading water to cities, and for the purpose of irrigating the plains and valleys. They appear in some instances to have been laid out with great skill. The water having been conducted along the declivity of the mountains so as to irrigate the lands beneath, and the embankments supported by walls, still remain, as monuments of the civilization of those nations.

Directly after breakfast we walked to the cathedral, which occupied one side of the great square, and stands on the ruins of the great *teocalli*, or temple of the god Mixitli. The front is very singular. One part of it is low and of bad gothic architecture; the other part is in the Italian style, ornamented with pilasters and statues, and is very handsome. The interior is imposing, larger, loftier, and more magnificent than the cathedral of Puebla. The distribution is the same, and the great altar not quite so rich. The dome is bold, and is painted with great taste. The sanctuaries contain some tolerable paintings, and are neatly ornamented. On the whole, this church would do credit to any city in Europe. The cathedral occupies a space of five hundred feet by four hundred and twenty feet front. Opposite this building, and in the centre of the great square, there is a large oval space paved with flat stones of porphyry, and enclosed with granite pillars and iron railings, richly ornamented; in the middle of which, on a pedestal of marble, stands an equestrian statue of Charles IV. in bronze. It is admirably well executed, and after that of Agrippa in Rome, and of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg, is the most spirited and the most graceful equestrian statue I have ever seen. It was cast in Mexico, and the artist, Mr. Tolsa, succeeded at the first cast of the metal. He deserves great credit to have himself moulded, cast, and placed a statue weighing forty thousand five hundred pounds, in a country so destitute of mechanical resources.

We next visited the family of the Conde de Regla, so frequently cited by Baron Humboldt, for his great possessions, his rich mines, and vast landed estates. His house is similar to those I have already described, the apartments spacious and well furnished, and we were politely received by the Condessa, who is very beautiful and amiable. She appeared to be very young, but had six children in the room with her. I learnt from her, that among the titled and the rich, early marriages are very common. She is not more than twenty-six years of age. Her youngest sister, only sixteen, has two children, and it is not uncommon for girls to marry at thirteen years of age. This custom exists wherever there are large entailed estates, and is practised to secure great *mayorazgos*, or entails, and to unite powerful families. Lady Russel, in her very interesting letters, mentions several of these early marriages in her own family, and dwells upon the negotiations that preceded them.

The Count took us to see his stables, and showed us some very fine horses; each in a separate room, about twelve feet square, and carefully groomed.—They were all stallions, of the Andalusian breed, low,

with very full stout necks, round bodies, and clean limbs. When mounted, they are very spirited and showy, and are remarkably fast pacers. The price of horses in Mexico varies from twenty dollars to fifteen hundred, and the Conde de Regla values his best horse at two thousand. His mules were very large, several of them from fifteen to sixteen hands and a half high. They are used for the draught in preference to horses, and when large are valued at a thousand dollars a pair. The greatest luxury of a Mexican is to have four of these fine mules drawing a carriage, richly painted and varnished. Even when not used, they are kept harnessed to the carriage, and standing in the court yard from morning to night. The harness is heavily ornamented with brass plates, and the tails of the mules are enclosed in stout leather bags.

At the next house we visited, we found the lady of the mansion smoking a paper cigar, which she took out of her mouth with the utmost nonchalance, and received us very graciously. On taking leave she invited us to attend her Tertulias, evening assemblies, where the young dance and sing, and sometimes join the old in games of hazard, which are always introduced in an assembly at Mexico. If they meet to dine together, they always sit down to play before dinner, and no re-union takes place in the evening without gaming. In the afternoon we rode out to the Pasco Nuevo, a broad road raised about three feet above the meadow land, that surrounds the city, and planted on both sides with willow trees—a tall stiff conical tree, resembling in form and appearance the Lombardy poplar. The Pasco was crowded with carriages, some whirling rapidly along, and others drawn up round the open circle in the middle of the road, where the ladies amuse themselves for hours examining the equipages that roll by, and nodding, smiling, and shaking their fans at their acquaintances as they pass. This constitutes the afternoon's amusement of the wealthy. The bodies of their coaches are large, but of a very good form, and well painted; a little too fine, as you would think, when I tell you that Guido's Aurora frequently adorns the middle panel. The carriage is very clumsy; from the axel of the fore to that of the hind wheel, the distance is not less than twelve feet; and there is moreover, a projection of two or three feet before and behind, on which are fastened the leathers that suspend the body of the coach. They are very easy vehicles to ride in, and I shall soon be reconciled to their appearance.

I have employed a great part of the day, which is the festival of All Saints, in making, or rather returning ceremonial visits. Sir Archy may have bowed lower, but not oftener in a day than I have. Remember, when you take leave of a Spanish grandee, to bow as you leave the room at the head of the stairs, where the host accompanies you, and after descending the first flight, turn round, and you will see him expecting a third salutation, which he returns with great courtesy, and remains until you are out of sight; so that as you wind down the stairs, if you catch a glimpse of him, kiss your hand, and he will think you a most accomplished cavalier. This is the only ceremony you have to undergo, for your reception will be cordial and friendly. The gentlemen of Mexico are not hospitable, in our sense of the word. They rarely invite you to dine with them, but they introduce you to their families, assure you of being welcome at all times, in a manner that convinces you of their sincerity, and if you call in the evening, regale you with chocolate, ices, and sweetmeats. If you take to the house, the oftener you go, the more welcome you are, and you are treated by all the family with kindness and familiarity.

This being the day of All Saints, the square presented a scene of great bustle, crowded with *leperos*,

clothed with a pair of drawers, shirt and sandals, and sometimes a blanket over their shoulders, and with well dressed persons, many of them bedizened with gold and silver lace. The streets leading to the square were thronged with people moving towards the enclosure where stands the equestrian statue. This place had been covered over, and seats erected in it for the accommodation of spectators. We followed the crowd, and made our way through a line of hackney coaches and splendid equipages, into the circle. Here we found a crowd of all classes of people. Ladies and gentlemen in gala dresses, displaying laces, jewels, and rich uniforms, jostled by men and women covered with blankets or clothed in rags. There was a box fitted up for the imperial family, who were represented by two bad pictures, and from which two sentinels kept off the crowd. The other seats, which were raised, were filled by well dressed men and women, delighted to exhibit themselves, and to look down on the crowd below, who were elbowing each other in one eternal round. We were soon tired of this sight, and went to pay visits. In the evening we returned to this walk, and I was surprised to see several young ladies, pretty and well dressed, smoking cigars. I knew that it was the custom of the ladies to smoke, but supposed they would only do so in private. It appears to me a detestable habit for young ladies, but I suppose my fastidiousness is the effect of early prejudice. The Mexican gentlemen do not seem to dislike it, and the tale of love is whispered, and vows of fidelity are interchanged, amidst volumes of smoke—a bad omen, which, if report speaks correctly, is too often verified.

In my walk this morning under the porticos leading to the principal square, I was struck with the singular exhibition they presented of the busy, the idle, and the devout. The shops were filled with tradesmen and purchasers. Under the porticos were men and women selling fruits and flowers, and wax-work representing with great accuracy the costumes of the country, the work of Indians, and the best of the sort I have ever seen. Leperos were leaning against the columns sunning themselves; and beggars and urchins, selling pamphlets and gazettes, followed with loud clamours. In the midst of this scene of noise and confusion, I observed two women on their knees before a picture of the Virgin, which is enclosed in glass case, and has always tapers burning before it. They were abstracted from all that was passing around them, and appeared to be really and devoutly absorbed in prayer. While looking at them and at the crowd, the tinkling of a small bell was heard. It announced the passage of the Host from the cathedral to the death-bed of a sinner. In an instant all still. Shop-keepers and their customers, leperos and noisy children, all doffed their hats and knelt on pavement, where they remained until the Host was out of sight, devoutly crossing themselves the while. We then rose, and the hum and bustle and clamour were gradually renewed. We crossed the square, where there are always a number of hackney coaches standing (better I think than the juries and fiacs of London and Paris,) to the statue of Charles IV. where, seated on the steps of the enclosure, we found a class of men who are called evangelistas. Their business is to indite memorials and epistles for those who cannot write themselves. Wrapped in his blanket, and furnished with pen and ink and a basket full of paper, the evangelist is ready to furnish letters in verse or prose, to all who apply for them. I listened for some time to one of them, who was writing a letter to a pretty young girl, and was artfully drawing her sentiments from her.

The facility with which these men write is surprising. Memorials to ministers and judges, letters of condolence and congratulation, and epistles, breathe

love and friendship, succeed each other rapidly, and appear to cost but little effort. Some of them are tolerable improvisatori—a faculty more common among the people of Spanish America, than it is even among the Italians.

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THE LANDSCAPE.

**"Oh, 'tis exalting to the humblest mind,
"The hurrying stride our youthful city's taken,
"Leaving her envious sisters all behind,
"As the earth's sinking heart with awe is shaken."**

CITY OF NEW-YORK.

IN the year 1629, twenty years after the discovery of the Hudson river, Fort Amsterdam received its first governor, Wouter Van Twiller. A few years afterwards the Dutch surrendered the settlement to an English expedition, commanded by Colonel Nicholls, who changed its name, in honour of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and on the 12th of June, 1665, incorporated the city of *New-York*, under a mayor, aldermen, and sheriff. The charter which the city thus received was sanctioned by that sovereign on the 22d April, 1686, who confirmed the rights, grants, and privileges, conferred by former governors or commanders, by the style and title of the "Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New-York," which title is retained to this day.

The original forts erected for the defence of the Island of Mannahatta, on which the city stands, has long since disappeared. Time and the elements have consigned them to the unalterable destiny which awaits all the productions of human art and industry; and scarcely a vestige remains to direct the curious inquirer to the spot where once they stood. Even the site of the wall which was run across the Island, from the North to the East rivers, to protect the early settlers against the incursions of the Indians, is now only to be ascertained by the situation of *Wall-street*, which is said to have derived its name from this circumstance. When a few centuries more, and thrice,

the number of future generations, shall have passed away, every fact which relates to this subject, and which is now deemed too insignificant to be rescued from the grasp of tradition, will be carefully gleaned from the annals of the past, and will form the foundation of many a studied commentary, and many a learned conjecture.

The growth of the city of New-York may be ascertained from the following statement of its population at different periods :

In 1697 the inhabitants were 4,802

| | | | |
|------|---|---|--------|
| 1756 | - | - | 15,000 |
|------|---|---|--------|

| | | | |
|------|---|---|--------|
| 1771 | - | - | 21,803 |
|------|---|---|--------|

| | | | |
|------|---|---|--------|
| 1786 | - | - | 23,614 |
|------|---|---|--------|

| | | | |
|------|---|---|--------|
| 1791 | - | - | 33,131 |
|------|---|---|--------|

| | | | |
|------|---|---|--------|
| 1801 | - | - | 60,489 |
|------|---|---|--------|

| | | | |
|------|---|---|--------|
| 1806 | - | - | 75,770 |
|------|---|---|--------|

| | | | |
|------|---|---|--------|
| 1807 | - | - | 83,530 |
|------|---|---|--------|

| | | | |
|------|---|---|---------|
| 1810 | - | - | 100,000 |
|------|---|---|---------|

| | | | |
|------|---|---|---------|
| 1816 | - | - | 115,995 |
|------|---|---|---------|

| | | | |
|------|------------|---|---------|
| 1824 | (probably) | - | 140,000 |
|------|------------|---|---------|

Its future growth we can scarcely venture to estimate. Possessing advantages which are scarcely to be surpassed, in its proximity to the ocean, and its facilities of intercourse with the interior by means of that splendid system of internal navigation which has been so successfully carried into effect, its commercial character must rapidly increase; and the time may not be very remote when it will outstrip, in its wealth, population, and credit, the most extensive sea-ports of the old world.

(

THE TRIFLER.

"I can instruct, as simple as I am."

CONUNDRUMS.

At what age are the ladies most happy? **Marriage.**

What tune pleases most men?—**For-tune.**

Why is **L** like the morning?—Because it is the first of **light**.

Why is **R** like a bubbling stream?—Because it is the beginning of a **river**.

Why is **A** like September?—Because it is the beginning of **autumn**.

Why is a mouse like a miser?—Because he is always gathering **crumbs**.

Why is a lawyer like the devil?—Because he is pleased with **quarrels**.

Why is a tailor like a Dutchman?—Because he is fond of **cabbage**.

Why is a printer like an old woman?—Because he is always telling **strange stories**.

Why is the legislature like a sheep cot?—Because in it are sheep heads **bleating**.

Why are girls like barrels?—Because they are bound with hoops and **staves**.

Why are plaid cloaks like charity?—Because they cover a multitude of **sins**.

A CHAPTER OF QUESTIONS.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

1. How ought a young lady to act when a gentleman, whose visits are not disagreeable, pays a strict attention to her, but refrains, for an unreasonable length of time, from making her an offer? And what should be considered "an unreasonable time?"

2. When the affections of a young lady are engaged, when they are fixed unalterably, under what circumstances, if under any, may she marry the object of her attachment, contrary to the will of her parents?

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

1. If I find myself prone, constantly, to fall in love with every pretty face I meet, will it be safe for me ever to marry?

2. If my *affections* lead me to prefer one young lady, and my *interest* points out another, which should I choose?

3. If I engage myself, and afterwards find the young lady to be *not* what I expected, and that my happiness will be endangered by the match, would I be right in breaking the engagement?